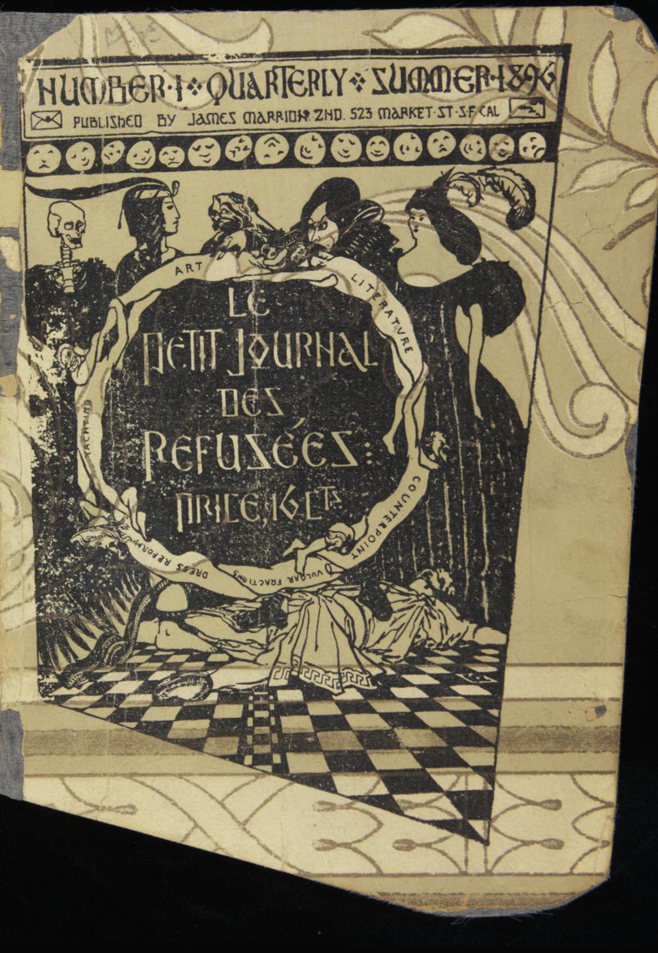
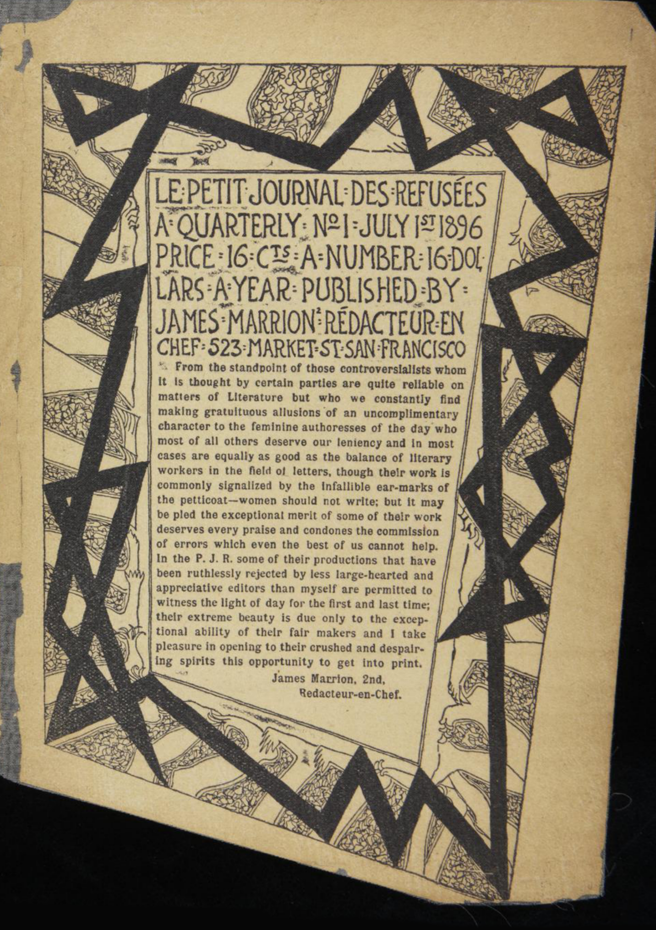

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COUNTERPOINT
DRESS REFORM
VULGAR FRACTIONS

PORTRAITS DE NOS CONTEMPORAINS



LE PETIT JOURNAL DES REFUSÉES

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JAMES · MARRION 2ND · RÉDACTEUR · EN CHEF · 523 · MARKET · ST · SAN · FRANCISCO

From the standpoint of those controversialists whom it is thought by certain parties are quite reliable on matters of Literature but who we constantly find making gratuitous allusions of an uncomplimentary character to the feminine authoresses of the day who most of all others deserve our leniency and in most cases are equally as good as the balance of literary workers in the field of letters, though their work is commonly signalized by the infallible ear-marks of the petticoat—women should not write; but it may be pled the exceptional merit of some of their work deserves every praise and condones the commission of errors which even the best of us cannot help. In the P. J. R. some of their productions that have been ruthlessly rejected by less large-hearted and appreciative editors than myself are permitted to witness the light of day for the first and last time; their extreme beauty is due only to the exceptional ability of their fair makers and I take pleasure in opening to their crushed and despairing spirits this opportunity to get into print.

James Marrion, 2nd,
Redacteur-en-Chef.

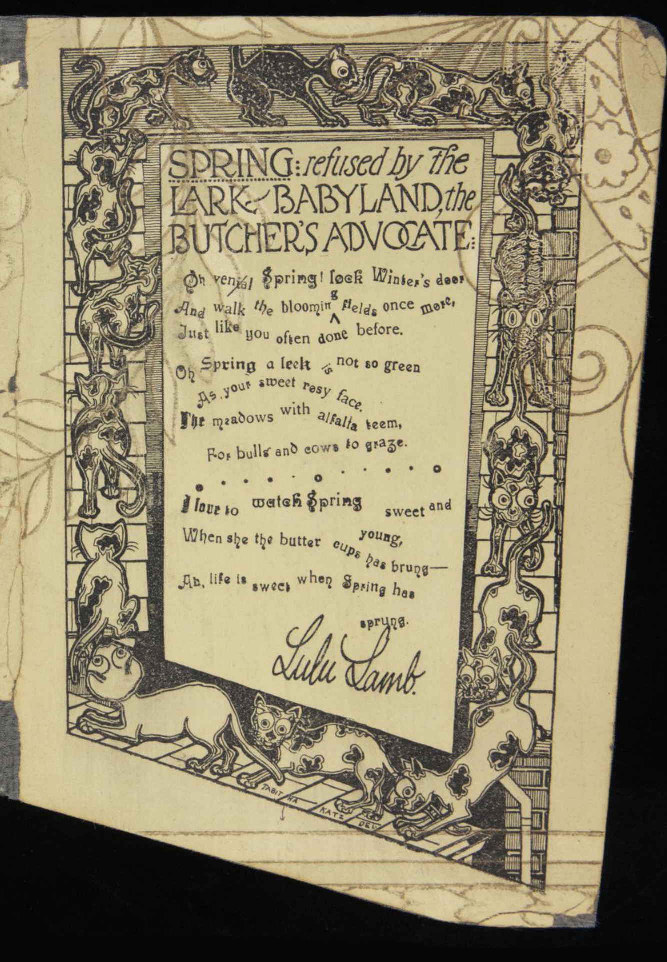


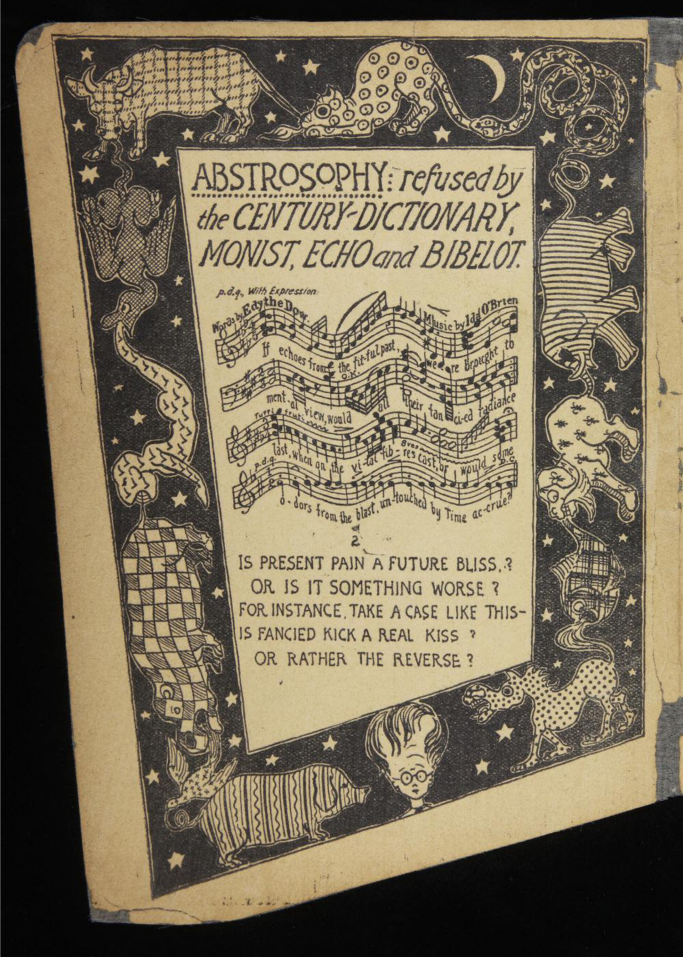
So time went out, and came again, and disappeared. I was too proud, too anxious, to rehearse my sentiment for this, the disheveled procrastinating fear that might have held me. The hotbed of palpitating remorse that drew me (and sue, too, with her herring hopes ajar, the very thomes of past prognostications speeding to subject shams of wide fantasies, oh!

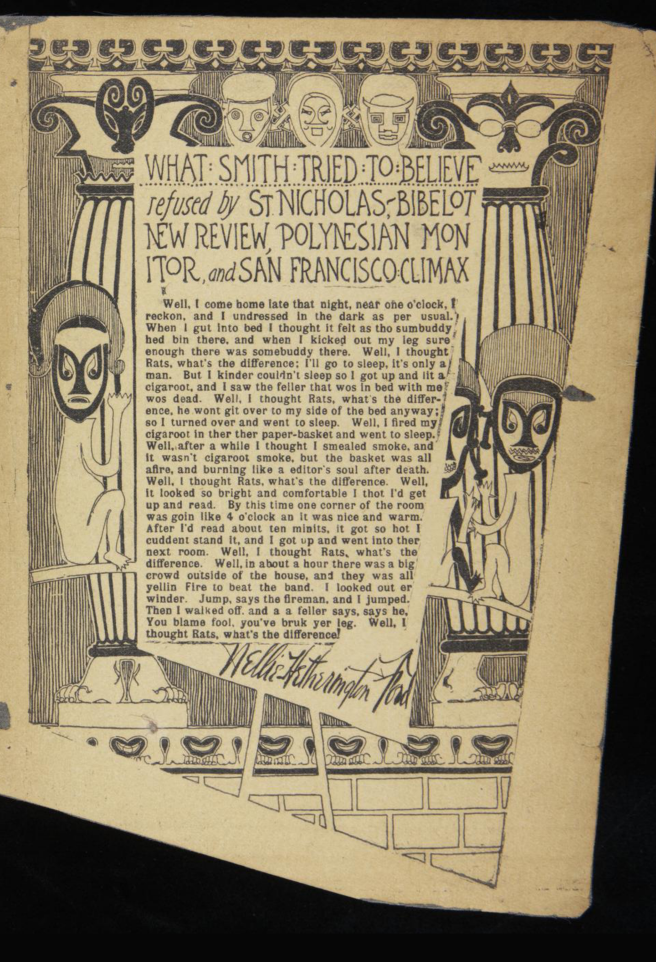
There was no nothing there—only the semblance of shocked, moist, scalding epochs, ah, too long unfelt. The little whining birds that she had known, the windy abyss above us, the northern paradox indeed she had; but where was sign of three new joined mysteries, the things that all applaud, forsooth?

I began so slowly, too; so secretly grey in that old world, where she had been. There was a fair, old, teeming thought, too, an echo shape on my horizon that reeked, and, tempering to its newfound tone, bewildered the ashes of the miasmic past. Yet I belted on new moods, and, as I say, the hurtling phantom broke. How could she know what awful riot each red cone awoke. How could she know! How could she know!! How COULD she know— What?

'but where was sign of three new joined mysteries ?'


SPRING: refused by the LARK ~ BABYLAND, the BUTCHER'S ADVOCATE:
Oh venial Spring! lock Winter's door
And walk the bloomin g fields once more,
Just like you often done before.
Oh Spring a leek is not so green
As your sweet rosy face.
The meadows with alfalfa teem,
For bulls and cows to graze.
I love to watch Spring sweet and young,
When she the butter cups has brung—
Ah, life is sweet when Spring has sprung.
Lulu Lamb.
TABIT HA KATZ DEL


ABSTROSOPHY: refused by the CENTURY-DICTIONARY, MONIST, ECHO and BIBELOT.
p.d.q., With Expression:
Words by Edythe Dow.
Music by Ida O'Brien
If echoes from the fit-ful past, we are brought to ment-al view, would all their fan-ci-ed radiance last, when on the vi-tal fib-res cast, or would some o-dors from the blast, un-touched by Time ac-crue?
O.K.
Tutti frutti
8ves
p.d.q.
D.C.
2
IS PRESENT PAIN A FUTURE BLISS.?
OR IS IT SOMETHING WORSE?
FOR INSTANCE, TAKE A CASE LIKE THIS-
IS FANCIED KICK A REAL KISS?
OR RATHER THE REVERSE?



WHAT : SMITH : TRIED : TO : BELIEVE

refused by ST. NICHOLAS, BIBELOT NEW REVIEW, POLYNESIAN MONITOR, *and* SAN FRANCISCO : CLIMAX

Well, I come home late that night, near one o'clock, I reckon, and I undressed in the dark as per usual. When I gut into bed I thought it felt as tho sumbuddy hed bin there, and when I kicked out my leg sure enough there was somebuddy there. Well, I thought Rats, what's the difference; I'll go to sleep, it's only a man. But I kinder couldn't sleep so I got up and lit a cigaroot, and I saw the feller that wos in bed with me wos dead. Well, I thought Rats, what's the difference, he wont git over to my side of the bed anyway; so I turned over and went to sleep. Well, I fired my cigaroot in ther ther paper-basket and went to sleep. Well, after a while I thought I smealed smoke, and it wasn't cigaroot smoke, but the basket was all afire, and burning like a editor's soul after death. Well, I thought Rats, what's the difference. Well, it looked so bright and comfortable I thot I'd get up and read. By this time one corner of the room was goin like 4 o'clock an it was nice and warm. After I'd read about ten minits, it got so hot I cuddent stand it, and I got up and went into ther next room. Well, I thought Rats, what's the difference. Well, in about a hour there was a big crowd outside of the house, and they was all yellin Fire to beat the band. I looked out er winder. Jump, says the fireman, and I jumped. Then I walked off, and a a feller says, says he, You blame fool, you've bruk yer leg. Well, I thought Rats, what's the difference!

DEAR MADAM:
NOT AVAIL-
ABLE
YOURS TRULY

DEAR MADAM:
THE EDITOR
PRESENTS HIS
COMPLIMENTS
AND REGRETS

PORTRAIT-DU RÉDACTEUR-EN-CHEF

DEAR MADAM.
IT IS IMPOS-
SIBLE TO ACCEPT
MORE THAN A
SMALL PROPOR
TION OF THE
CONTRIBUTIONS
SUBMITTED TO
US AND IN RE-
TURNING THE
ENCLOSED WE
BEG YOU WILL
UNDERSTAND
THAT IT DOES
NOT IMPLY

DEAR MADAM
THE EN-
CLOSED MS.
IS RETURNED
WITH THANKS
FOR YOUR COUR
[illegible]EST IN ALLOW-
ING US AN OP-
PORTUNITY OF
EXAMINING IT
CORDIALLY

DEAR MADAM:
WE ARE
SORRY TO BE
COMPELLED
TO RETURN
WITH THANKS
THE ACCOMP-
ANYING ARTICLE
IT IS RE-
TURNED NOT
ON ACCOUNT
OF LACK OF
LITERARY
MERIT BUT
BECAUSE IT
DOES NOT EX
ACTLY SUIT

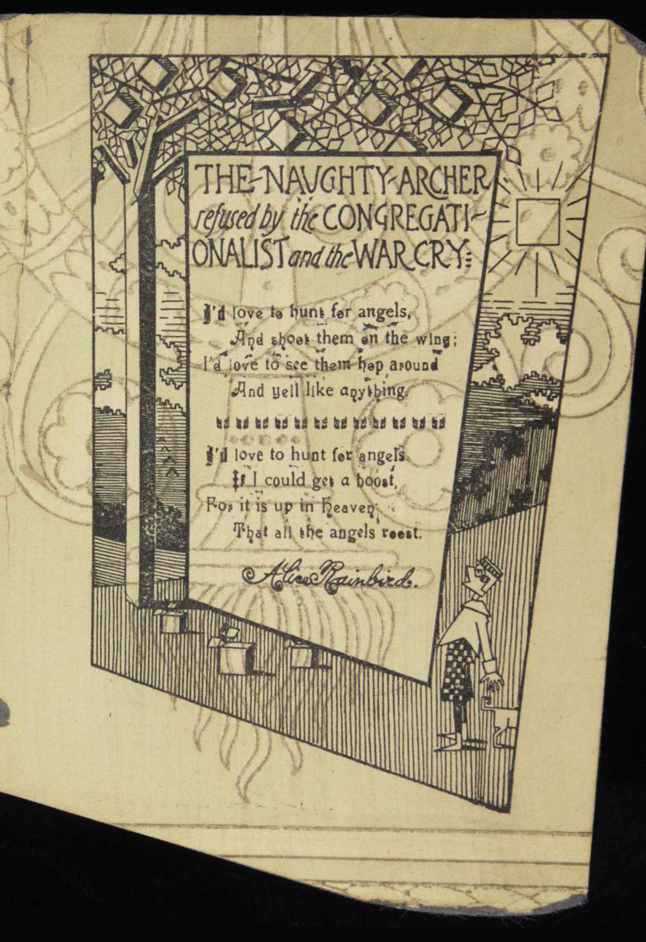
DEAR MADAM:
OWING TO
PRESSURE OF
OTHER MATTER
UPON OUR COL-
UMNS WE ARE
UNABLE TO

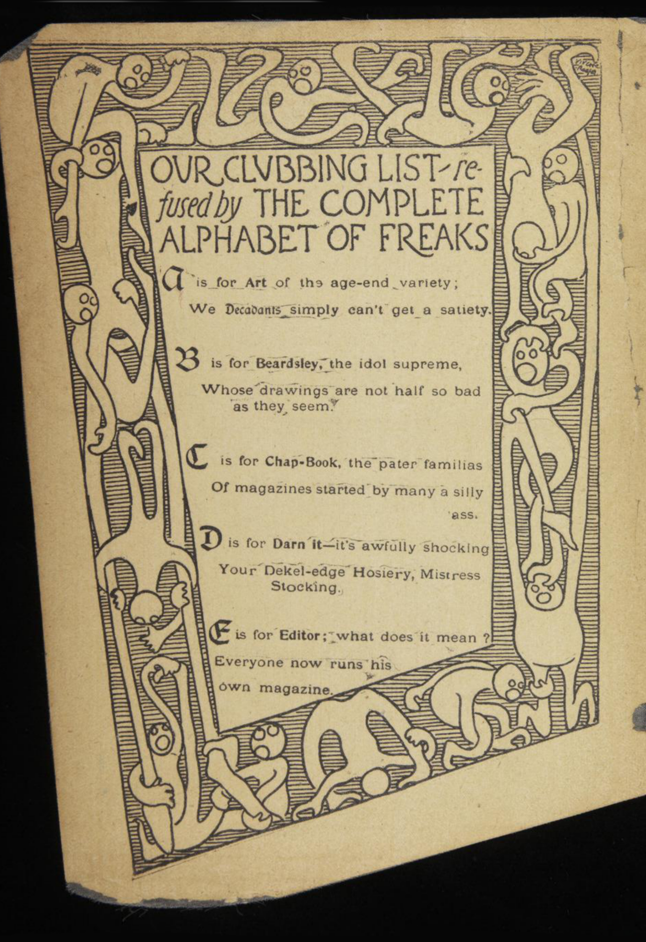
Jas Marrion 2nd.

REFUSED BY MISS ALICIA
FEATHERBONE. VIVETTE.
AND THE PRINCESS
PERILLA

I BEG YOU
WILL UNDER
STAND ITS
REJECTION
DOES NOT
IMPLY LACK

DEAR MADAM
WE REGRET
TO INFORM
YOU THAT
THE INCLOS-
ED MANUS-


THE NAUGHTY ARCHER
refused by the CONGREGATIONALIST and the WAR CRY:
I'd love to hunt for angels,
And shoot them on the wing;
I'd love to see them hop around
And yell like anything.
I'd love to hunt for angels
If I could get a boost,
For it is up in Heaven
That all the angels roost.
Alice Rainbird.



OUR CLUBBING LIST—refused by THE COMPLETE ALPHABET OF FREAKS

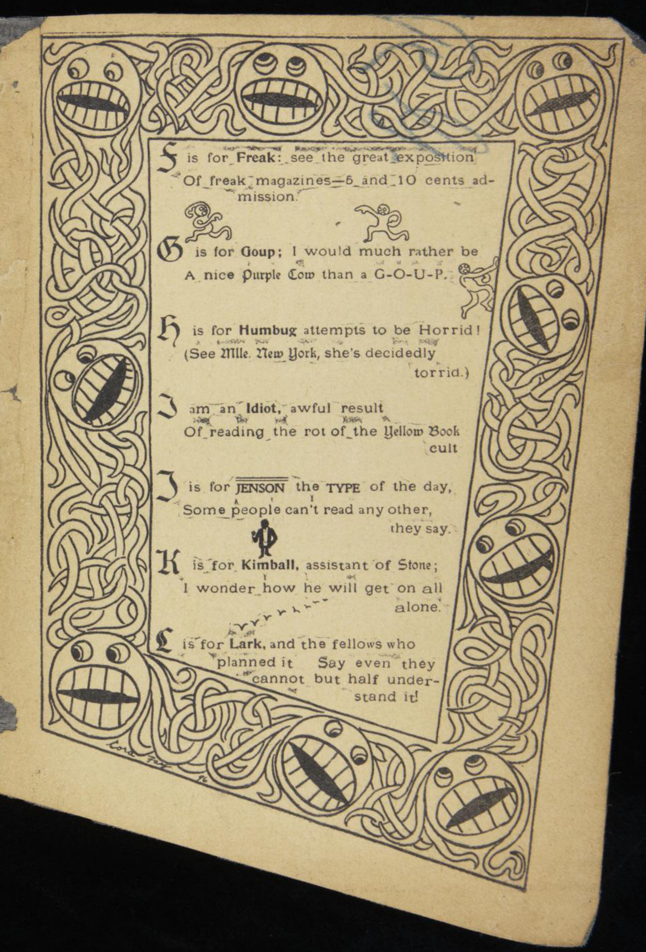
A is for **Art** of the age-end variety;
We Decadants simply can't get a satiety.

B is for **Beardsley,** the idol supreme,
Whose drawings are not half so bad as they seem.

C is for **Chap-Book,** the pater familias
Of magazines started by many a silly ass.

D is for **Darn it**—it's awfully shocking
Your Dekel-edge Hosiery, Mistress Stocking.

E is for **Editor;** what does it mean ?
Everyone now runs his own magazine.



F is for Freak: see the great exposition
Of freak magazines—5 and 10 cents admission.

G is for Goup; I would much rather be
A nice Purple Cow than a G-O-U-P.

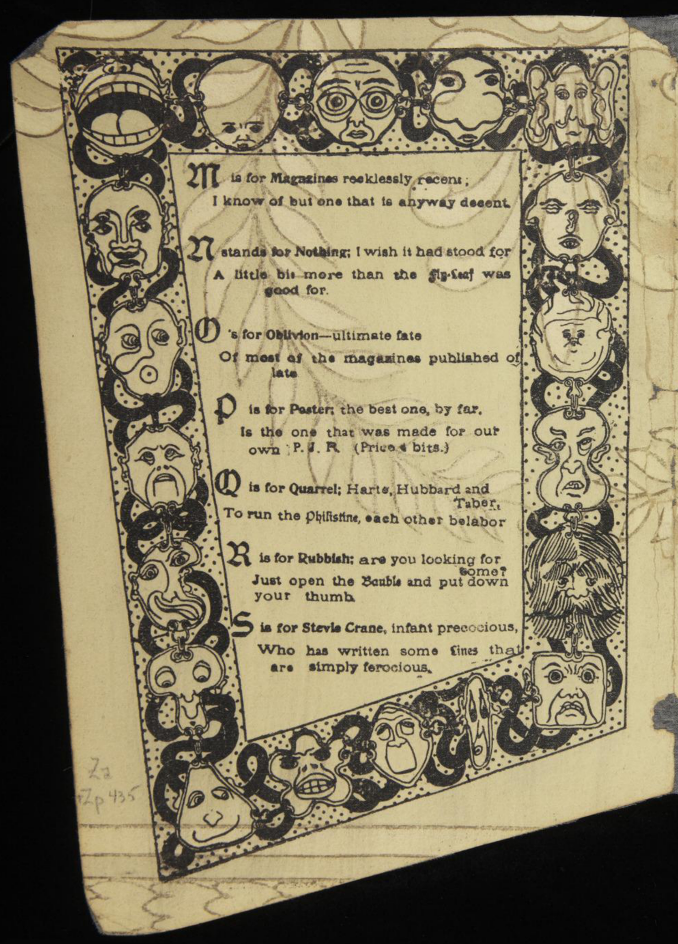
H is for Humbug attempts to be Horrid!
(See Mlle. New York, she's decidedly torrid.)

I am an Idiot, awful result
Of reading the rot of the Yellow Book cult

J is for JENSON the TYPE of the day,
Some people can't read any other, they say.

K is for Kimball, assistant of Stone;
I wonder how he will get on all alone.

L is for Lark, and the fellows who planned it Say even they cannot but half understand it!



M is for Magazines recklessly recent;
I know of but one that is anyway decent.

N stands for Nothing; I wish it had stood for
A little bit more than the fig-leaf was good for.

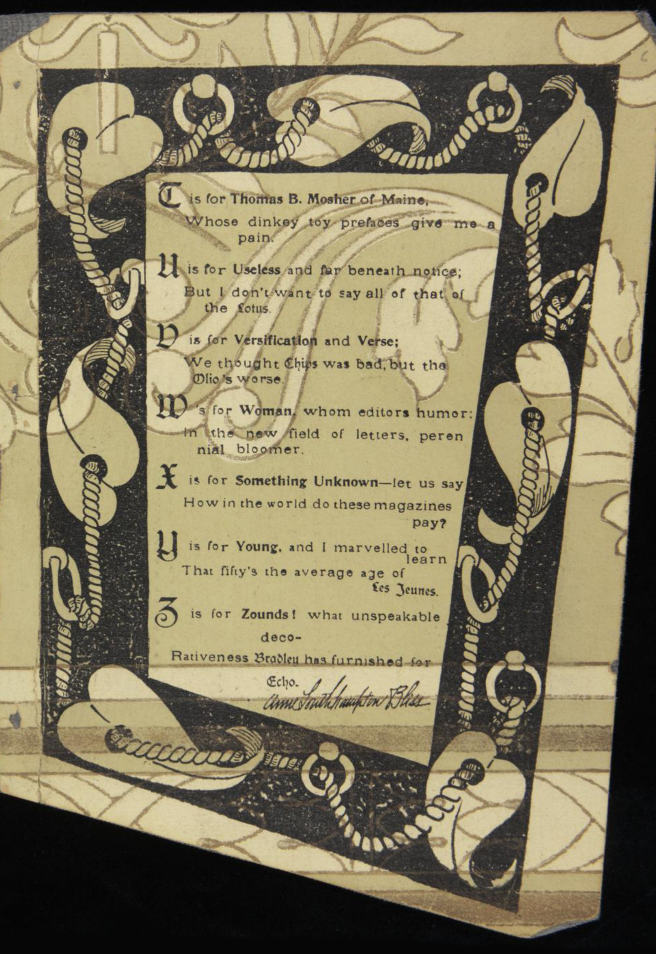
O's for Oblivion—ultimate fate
Of most of the magazines published of late.

P is for Poster; the best one, by far,
Is the one that was made for our own P. J. R. (Price 4 bits.)

Q is for Quarrel; Harte, Hubbard and Taber,
To run the Philistine, each other belabor

R is for Rubbish; are you looking for some?
Just open the Bauble and put down your thumb.

S is for Stevie Crane, infant precocious,
Who has written some lines that are simply ferocious.

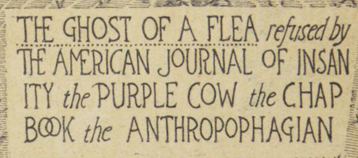

T is for Thomas B. Mosher of Maine,
Whose dinkey toy prefaces give me a pain.
U is for Useless and far beneath notice;
But I don't want to say all of that of the Lotus.
V is for Versification and Verse;
We thought Chips was bad, but the Olio's worse.
W 's for Woman, whom editors humor:
In the new field of letters, perennial bloomer.
X is for Something Unknown—let us say
How in the world do these magazines pay?
Y is for Young, and I marvelled to learn
That fifty's the average age of Les Jeunes.
Z is for Zounds! what unspeakable deco-
Rativeness Bradley has furnished for Echo.
Anne Southampton Bliss

THE SONNET OF SOUR MUCILAGE refused by the HARVARD LAMPOON and LIFE

OH!
My
Eye,
Go
Slow;
Why
Cry
So?
See
The
Freak,
Wow!
How
Weak.

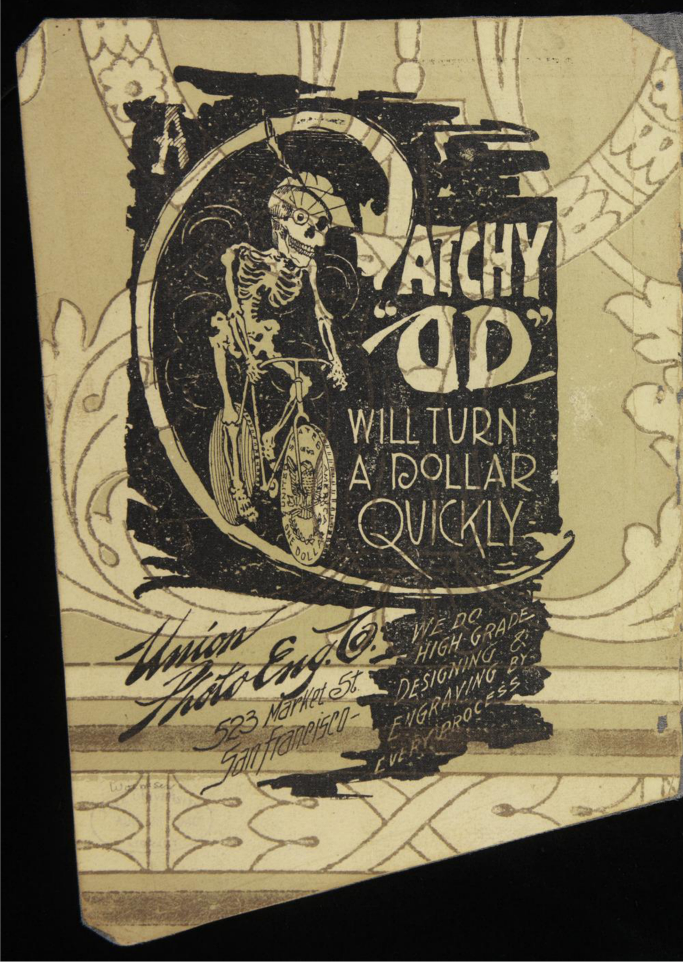
Myra V.

M



There was an astonishing oval blue moon a-bubble among the clouds, striking a sidewise chord of wild, blatant reluctance athwart the bowl of curds with which I stroked her. (Oh, Love! dead, and your adjectives still in you!) A harsh and brittle whisper of a dream, a rough red shadow ghost of awful prominence, welled out and up through all the inharmonious phases of the night. A frog bleated and turned his toe to slumber. The fringe of despair hung roundabout my agony; the stars went out; the moon, that blurred, blue, bleeding moon, the very toad stools on the lawn, the close-clipped crust of foamy starlit hedge, balked choking grey upon the ring of fire-spent turf. O Heaven and happy bard: O freighted moors, conducive to my pall; each unto each was there, and all was vain!

Now, in this hushed and turbid clime, the rancid relics of the mist are not so gog with hume and spey as in the rest. Did not the viper hurl his macrocosmic interger in time? In such wise, I marveled, might the whole world (peeled thin and narrow in the shadows of the night's reply) go wild, and leer in many efforts to be insincere. But Gosh, that agony! The avalanche of super-insistent medroles, the pink of pure prismatic diaphrams, all Hell was there, and weeping, lured me on!


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